

The Tech.

VOL. IX.

BOSTON, MARCH 20, 1890.

NO. 12.

THE TECH.

Published on alternate Thursdays, during the school year, by the students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

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Subscription, \$2.00 per year, in advance. Single copies, 15 cts. each.

FRANK WOOD, PRINTER, 352 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.



COLLEGE journal, if it is not set down as a literary magazine, is considered by the students as their medium, a mouthpiece, so to speak, through which they can make their complaints and needs known to the Faculty, having a confidential feeling that they will be listened to with more interest than if

carried about by a committee.

This feeling alone causes college journalism to be placed where it is to-day, and gives it ample ground for the exercise of criticism. Through the editorials runs always some complaint, or perhaps a spicy bit of sarcasm, carrying an idea of "put this in your pipe and smoke it."

At Tech. this line of journalism is more marked than in most colleges. We have no literary magazine, and we can naturally as-

sume that our tastes and pride do not lie in that direction. Again, in our daily work we have a sufficient amount of science, and for those who are not satisfied in that line, we have the "Quarterly."

The only role left for THE TECH is the one now so prevalent in all colleges; a journal in which the students look for a change, a little variety from the every day drudge, with spice enough here and there to make it sufficiently interesting to hold the glance of the hurrying reader. New ideas in athletics are made known; plans are laid for the welfare of many of our clubs and associations. But a board of five or six cannot do all that is necessary, in the limited amount of time, towards making THE TECH an ideal college paper. THE TECH does not claim to be a literary journal, but it merely tries to fill the place made for it by the feelings and prejudices of the students.

EVERY student knows of the trials and tribulations of our athletic attempts, the amount of work that is necessary to arouse enthusiasm enough to get entries in our games, and that all our closed games usually cause a deficit in the treasury of the Athletic Club; but each year the Open Meeting leaves a surplus large enough to carry the Club through the year.

This year the meeting was advertised, as usual, and was to be held Saturday, March 8th. Monday, March 3d, the police informed the Athletic Club that such a meeting as had been advertised by the Club, could not be held without a license from the City Board of Aldermen. This was a new feature, as the City Government had never before interfered with any of our meetings, and the Athletic

Club was naturally unprepared for it. The Board of Aldermen met that afternoon. The committee on such affairs was interviewed by the officers of the Club. This committee were gracious enough to hear the petition, and then blandly asked for thirty tickets, and said they would try and see that the petition passed the Board, but could promise nothing. The result was that the petition would be granted, providing there was neither sparring nor wrestling in the meeting.

Heretofore the event awakening the most interest has been the sparring, and as the meeting was advertised with sparring, it was necessary for the Club to postpone the meeting; and, as the Harvard meetings run till the 29th, it will be impossible for the Club to hold the meeting this year.

This is a blow that Institute athletics could not afford to receive. They have for the last two or three years been rapidly rising, but this will cause a temporary standstill; and let it be hoped that next year each man will strive to aid the Club in carrying out the objects that have always been so energetically worked for by the Club itself.

ALTHOUGH by the postponement of the Athletic Club's meeting, the prospective gate receipts are irretrievably lost, the hopes of our athletes may yet be fulfilled. The Harvard Athletic Association will hold an open meeting on March 29th, and every effort should be made to have the Institute well represented.

It is an unfortunate fact that comparatively few people know that there are nearly a thousand undergraduates here, and that the Institute is the leading technical school in the country. This ignorance is, to a great extent, due to the youth of the Tech., and to the fact that its alumni are relatively few; but it is also due to our lack of enterprise. It is part of the duty of every man here to make the Institute better known; every student will profit

by each addition to its reputation. Now, there is no easier way to advertise (if the word may be permitted) an institution of learning than by making its students prominent in athletics. It would seem hard if we could not make as good a showing as Williams, and the other New England colleges, at the Harvard meeting. If every man who was fitted should enter, we would probably take more prizes than any other outside college. Several times in past years Harvard teams have been beaten in tug-of-war at our meetings; why not make the attempt to beat them on their own ground? Massachusetts Institute of Technology occupies more room on the programmes than all the New England colleges together; to be consistent, M. I. T. ought to make at least a respectable showing among the prize winners.

THE offer which was received from the officers of the Yale Athletic Association of transferring the entries from our games to theirs, was a most kind and considerate action, of which we wish to express our hearty appreciation. This offer, sent us as soon as the news of the postponement of our games was heard,—the Yale officers also offering to go to the further trouble of handicapping our men on their arrival upon the floor,—was unfortunately received too late for any but a very few of those entered in our sports to go to the games at New Haven, which occurred the same day. Nevertheless, we wish to express our thanks for the courtesy which prompted these offers. This act is still further acceptable as an expression of that good feeling which has always existed between Yale and the Institute.

IT is a long time from the end of one football season to the beginning of the next, and it seems that something should be done in the spring toward training the men for the

coming season. Why cannot the "backs" practice passing and kicking and the "rushers" tackling. If this were done there is but little doubt that the men would be in better trim at the beginning of the year, and we might win some of our practice games, to say nothing of the championship contests.

We would suggest that while this winter weather continues, the practice consists of passing and tackling in the gymnasium. For practicing tackling, a "dummy" such as was used at Harvard with good results last fall might be provided, as the apparatus is simple and not very costly.

When the spring weather is here the practice can take the form of a regular game, paying particular attention to tackling and passing,—two things in which our eleven is especially weak.

We hope that some action will soon be taken in this direction; and if the matter is immediately taken into hand with our already fine prospects for the coming fall, we ought to make a very creditable showing in the fight for the championship.

BASEBALL has by custom and common consent become the sole property of the two lower classes. No Senior or Junior ever thinks of organizing a class nine, while the fame of the ill-starred "Bijou Nine" has made a Tech. 'varsity team a practical impossibility. It has been quite conclusively decided that the national game should not be played by upper-class men, yet it is most proper that the Freshmen should indulge in a ball team, and endeavor to beat the Sophomores. An annual baseball game between the lower classes is almost as much of an event in the spring as the football game is in the autumn. The Freshman nines of past years have always been most successful, and have won a large majority of the games played; this year let '93 beat the record surely, and '92 if possible.

Professor William Parsons Atkinson.

SIMPLE, yet very impressive and appropriate, funeral services were held over the mortal remains of Professor Atkinson, at his home in Jamaica Plain, on Thursday, the 13th inst., at 3 P. M.

In his death THE TECH has lost one of the oldest, truest, and most helpful of all its friends. The "Noticeable Articles," signed W. P. A., had become a leading feature in the successive numbers until Professor Atkinson's retirement, and were looked for with interest alike by students and teachers. His advice and generous aid never failed; and THE TECH owes a debt of gratitude to his memory which it can only repay by working in the same spirit of unselfish devotion for the highest good of all whom its influence can reach.

Never was a teacher more devotedly attached to his pupils, or more deeply interested in their progress. He always had words of generous praise for the deserving, and a ready excuse for the shortcomings of the careless or indifferent. His study, his books, and his time were always freely given to all who sought his assistance, and to a certain class of students there never was a more inspiring teacher.

To a varied and critical learning, was added a sympathy and an enthusiasm which the earnest seeker after knowledge could not resist. To such he was a genuine inspiration. He led them to an eminence from which they could see the workings of those intellectual and spiritual forces which are so silently, yet so surely, drawing our common humanity to that higher and more mutually helpful form of civilization for which the good in all ages have learned "to labor and to wait."

In the name and in behalf of all who have been made wiser by his instruction, and better by his example, THE TECH lays this wreath of *immortelles* on his grave, in token of esteem and affectionate remembrance.

Queer Mr. Woods.

THE hamlet of Spring Hill is situated about a mile and one half from one of the small manufacturing towns of Massachusetts, and its population resembles probably that of a hundred other similar places. The people are mostly good Methodists, who have a strong leaning toward revivals and other meetings of the amen type. During the summer months the place is a most pleasant one in which to reside; a winding brook, which begins and terminates in two small ponds, flows through it, while the hill, after which it is named, shelters it from the northeast storms; on the farther side of the hill, between it and the blue bay, lies the salt-marsh, whose creeks in summer are a veritable paradise for the small boy, and whose hay, fed in the winter to the farmer's cows, gives their milk a most "ancient and fish-like" taste.

Not long ago this quiet country neighborhood was much awakened from its usual condition of torpor and peacefulness, by the arrival and settlement of a strange family. At first sight they seemed a respectable, unassuming couple, who would soon accustom themselves to the society of Spring Hill, and take an active part in its winter round of prayer-meetings and candy-pulls, cultivating their small plot of ground in the summer, in order to gain sufficient sustenance when old John Frost kept the watermelon patch covered with snow. Such was everybody's opinion; and when things turned out quite differently, it was a much-surprised group of gossips who talked them over.

This new family, whose name was Woods, consisted of two members, Mr. Woods and his wife. We could not, as yet, judge which of them was the more important. They were not a bridal couple in appearance, though they were very much devoted to one another. They seemed to be of middle age, as their hair was quite gray, and Mr. Woods wore a long moustache of the same color. He was of medium height, well proportioned, and

always dressed in the same scrupulously neat manner in a style pre-eminently his own. His features were irregular, and rather odd looking, as his nose was long and inclined to be pointed, his ears somewhat large, and two of his front teeth projected forward from the others, as if their society was not congenial to them. He was a person of methodical and temperate habits, but evidently not social in his disposition, for he made no advances toward acquaintanceship with the neighboring farmers. If he chanced to meet them on the street he would avoid them as though they and he had nothing in common. This, of course, brought down upon the gray head of Mr. Woods the enmity of his neighbors,—for people do not like those in their company who attend too strictly to their own affairs. His wife bore an astonishing resemblance to himself, and it would appear that they married out of similarity of looks and temperaments, rather than by the attraction of opposites. Old as they were they possessed no children, though it was rumored that they had had a large family of boys, who, having grown up, were well-to-do in a distant part of the country.

In the first place, Mr. and Mrs. Woods located in a somewhat strange manner. They did not buy a house, but decided to build; so, in a convenient field, Mr. Woods began to dig his cellar without employing any outside labor. This cellar was dug into a hillside, instead of down into the level ground, and its floor had a gentle outward slope, which, we afterward concluded, was to give it good drainage. He completed this task, when, strange to say, whether from lack of means or from sheer laziness, he went no further. He simply moved in with his wife to his underground home, and seemed perfectly contented. He seldom went out during the daytime, but often might be seen taking an evening walk. My uncle, at that time, had two large Newfoundland puppies, of which Mr. Woods appeared much frightened, and would not cross our

place if he saw them about, though we continually assured him that they would not harm him.

After a time complaints began to be made in the neighborhood of depredations committed, especially among the crops, and suspicion pointed to Mr. Woods, on account of his mysterious mode of living and his having no visible means of support. In fact, on one moonlight night, as one of our boys came home from the town, he thought that he saw Mr. Woods in our cornfield, but he disappeared upon a nearer approach. This and other occurrences did not, as one can well imagine, influence the public opinion in his favor.

Suddenly it was noised abroad that Mr. Woods had had an increase in his family. We now saw less of him than ever, as his family cares probably confined him more to his home, and raising a boy—as we found the new-comer to be—is not an easy task. This child grew up among us, and as he had been christened Charles, the children, his playmates, soon corrupted it to “Chuck.” Complaints, however, did not cease, and we were much afraid that Chuck Woods would grow up much as his father if we did not exercise care over him.

One bright morning as we were seated at breakfast, one of the children appeared in a state of great excitement, and ejaculated, “Oh, uncle! Leo and Ponto have dug out two woodchucks, and we have caught such a cunning little one!”

And this is how the Woods’ mansion was demolished, how Chuck Woods became an orphan, and how the gray hairs of Mr. and Mrs. Woods, stretched upon a shingle, came to adorn our woodhouse.

No Parting.

“Mamma,” he said, “I know the way
The angels comb their hair;
The folks in heaven all wear bangs,—
‘There’ll be no parting there.’”

A Sequel to “Idna.”

“IDNA stood in the doorway gazing after Gid as he rode away, and it seemed to the young girl that all the sunshine and all the happiness of her life disappeared with the retreating figure of the horseman into the far distance of the prairie.

THE END.”

This is all I know of the story of Idna, and I came by my knowledge in this wise. I was two hours out from the city on the three o’clock express, and had reached that stage of a journey in which I lose all interest in the view from the car window and in my fellow-travelers. The train boy had provided the people about me with edibles of various natures, and at this critical moment appeared carrying an assortment of paper-covered novels, which he proceeded to distribute with an accuracy of aim, and disregard of individual taste, found only in youths of his profession. A dear, kind-faced old lady across the aisle, who looked sweet and good enough to be grandmother to all the cherub children we see in pictures, received an illustrated story of a murder. Two books were deposited on the sleeping form of a man in front, and finally “Idna” was dropped in the seat by my side. The paper cover of the book was printed in imitation of alligator leather, with a space left on the front for depicting a sea-shore scene, in which a young man, lying at full length upon the beach, was diligently reading a novel; while a young lady, seated under an umbrella dreadfully out of perspective, was painting something not shown in the picture. Owing, doubtless, to trouble the engraver had had with the sketching-umbrella, he had neglected to indicate whether the artistic young lady was a rod or a mile down the beach from the literary young gentleman; so that one could arrange them relatively quite as his fancy pleased. Above this work of art, which a few seagulls served to complete, the letters I-D-N-A blazed forth

in, black from a background of yellow. Taken as a whole, the cover would attract attention anywhere; and, after duly admiring it, I followed a very bad practice of mine, and turned to the end of the story. The result of this investigation I have chronicled above as nearly as I can remember the text after a casual reading.

At this point the train boy made a demand for the novel or twenty-five cents, and I gave him back his book. He then relieved the old lady of her tale of horror, with which she seemed very glad to part, and affairs in the vicinity settled back into the calm which his appearance had disturbed.

If a young man is of that age when his father is still more or less responsible for his debts, and he consequently is not overburdened with the troubles of the world, he is liable to imagine petty worries of his own. Life cannot be all sunshine, even to irresponsible youth, though his clouds are often artificial. I can think of no other reason why I should have given a second thought to Idna, except that I had exhausted all other causes of sadness, including the monotony of the journey, and needed something to divert my thoughts. As I gazed out of the window, every plain or meadow seemed to have a horseman disappearing on the horizon, and every unusual house a handsome, but forsaken maiden, looking despondently from the doorway. Of course she must have been handsome—all heroines in Western stories are; and Idna was undoubtedly one of these typical women, with fascinating border unconventionality, using abbreviated words in her conversation to such an extent that one would fancy she had an impediment in her speech. Very manly she was at times, full of bravery and masculine heroics; and then again transformed into blushing womanhood and weak dependence at such times as Gid happened to be around to help her. Gid himself, of course, was all that was great, and good, and just, and wonderful. There was nothing effeminate about

Gid; and though he would shoot, and swear, and drink, the instinctive nobility of his nature would show through all.

What perplexed me was that these two people should end a story by having a quarrel and a parting, when they evidently must have been so very well suited to a continual companionship. It would have been so very much better to have left them together there in that boundless prairie, where they could have lived as though they occupied the world alone, and could have been all the world to each other. What better than two sympathetic natures linked together there, where exterior influences could never come in to disturb their happiness, and where the harmony of nature, and man, and sunsets across the prairie, would be a source of never-ending delight! What could be more inconsistent than to end a long story in which the hero had undoubtedly faced all sorts of danger, and the heroine suffered untold pangs by having him ride off with all her happiness and all her sunshine dangling along after him? Poor Idna! left sadly alone in a continual rainstorm, with nothing to do in life but stand in a doorway and look out after her lost lover, who was doomed to spend the rest of his existence in riding away. No matter what the previous facts of the tale, the end seemed unjustifiable. I looked at the people about me in the car and at the panoramic view of nature outside, which the approaching twilight rendered soft and sleepy. They all seemed quiet and common enough. There was no look of lost happiness about them. No one had ever ridden away with the sunshine of the sweet-faced little woman across the way, I felt very sure, though her hero had probably not been like Gid. I longed to cross the aisle and tell her all about it, for I felt very sure she would know how to smooth everybody's troubles, even Idna's; but the brakeman came between us to light the lamps, and in losing sight of her sympathetic face, I realized how very foolish such a proceeding would be.

But I did not lose sight of Idna nor the thought of her troubles, nor of Gid, poor fellow, riding so woefully into the far distance of the prairie. What had she done that he should leave her? or what had he done that she should send him away? The more I thought of the matter, the more I was convinced that neither of them could be to blame. A hero or a heroine could not have committed a fault that would cause such a parting; and if the separation was due to a third person, why had he interfered?

Through the whole mist of perplexities I could see but one small light of hope. Should Gid keep on his course in a right line, he would eventually come back to Idna's cottage; but this was small consolation. The third person was evidently the proper solution; and why could not one more short chapter have been written, introducing this individual and a general explanation for the benefit of such susceptible people as myself? Gid, for instance, after riding out of sight finds this person thrown from his horse, and at the point of death. He confesses his duplicity, signs a short declaration in his own blood, and expires. Gid, lashing his horse to a gallop, appears at Idna's cloudy doorway after only three hours agonizing absence, and the curtain then falls amid a long embrace and a shower of kisses. Mrs. Grundy would suggest that kisses *ad infinitum* are a deal worse than the despair depicted in the author's own version, and would add in her sarcastic way, "How absurd to leave two people in the middle of a prairie gazing fondly at each other!" It seems, then, that an author to suit all tastes should carry the future of his principals as far as their grandchildren, at least; and even then he might find difficulty in closing his scene too abruptly.

My journey on the cars and my displeasure at the ending of "Idna" came to an end long ago; but notwithstanding the facts that the novel reached its share of popularity, that the end was generally approved, and that actual

life sees many such partings, I have never believed poor Idna's fate was either right or just. The old-style happy ending of the popular novel has departed, and one no longer follows heroes and heroines through their disappointments with the conviction that all difficulties will be satisfactorily settled in the closing chapters; but instead tragedy is triumphant, and the characters that win our sympathy are either killed off or left standing in doorways.

Unhappy little Idna! I trust you never lived but in imagination, and that your troubles and your sad desertion caused no more worry in life than my thoughts of you and Gid on the afternoon I journeyed opposite the dear little woman whose sympathetic face helped me to bear your burdens.

THREE Freshmen were engaged, in appropriating porcelain letters from the store windows when a policeman, who has the grace to say that he mistook them for Harvard students, gathered them in bodily to the city police court. In the next edition of the daily papers we read, "It is stated that there is a society at the Institute that requires each student admitted to membership to steal enough letters to form his own name, the initials of the Institute, and his class number." We have always intended to keep the matter private, but now that the public has an inkling of the true state of affairs, the whole truth had better be revealed. The name of the society is *Les Enfants Incroyables*, and its membership is confined to the Freshman class. Meetings are held once a week, and its members play logomachy with white porcelain letters. Its officers are chosen from those who have failed to pass their examinations; on taking the oath of office they solemnly curse the Faculty and abjure the company of the upper classmen. The society has been in existence for three years, and already has in its possession enough porcelain letters to fill a large oak coffin, which is kept for that purpose.

M. I. C. DEPARTMENTS.

IV. Architecture.

FORMERLY every architect was a civil engineer, and every civil engineer was an architect, and in the olden time there was no reason why this should not have been. The wooden roof-truss was of the simplest form and of short span, and there were only the two simple building materials, stone and brick, and the vault and arch constructed with them must be in very confined limits. The noblest of the old works must have been structurally designed by their architects, because their artistic effect is in the scholarly treatment of the necessary construction. But gradually the one profession divided, as the field became so broad that one man's ability could not cover it; and now the two professions have become distinct, that of the architect and that of the engineer.

At no age in the world was there such an abundance of practical and theoretical appliances to architecture as at present. We know how to build the longest trusses for roofs and bridges, to properly adjust the strength of our masonry to do its most effective work, and our better knowledge of the exact sciences teaches us to do all this in the most skillful way, without waste of material.

The use of structural iron, unknown to the ancients, now enters so extensively into every large architectural work that its designing has made a profession by itself, and it is in this where lies a great danger to the architectural profession. Not that there should be any competition between the architect and engineer,—far from it; but they should work hand in hand, and both professions would be improved by such a relationship.

The architect should be able in any kind of work intrusted to him to at least carry so far forward the structural problem of a building, that the completed design should show that the constructions and its architecture flowed

from one and the same mind. Civil engineering should be so well understood by an architect, that he should know when to call in a civil engineer. As an example: once in a lifetime an architect might be called upon to design the terminal station of a large railroad, with its wide train house, which must have no supports for its roof between the outside walls. Although in his student days he might have been able to design the necessary truss, he would not attempt to do such work now; it would be done far better by the engineer; but the architect would certainly block out a scheme which would harmonize with the design of the whole building, and the engineer would then be working in harmony with him. There can be no great artist who is not master of anatomy; neither can there be a great architect who is not master of construction.

Every architect should be able to design any roof-truss in the ordinary routine of work; he should be able to calculate the strength of wall, thrust of dome, or buttress,—and all of this without any aid from the engineer. Every day the importance of this knowledge becomes greater. With the accumulation of wealth our buildings will be larger, and so heavier; and as they are for investment, they must be built economically, with just the right amount of material,—no more, no less.

Art power is not enough to make an architect. The grandest effects in architecture have depended as much on construction as upon artistic knowledge, and this should never be lost sight of.

To design architecture, one must be thoroughly acquainted with what has already been done; for we must get our inspiration from the past, but make a living art of it by adapting it to our time and requirements. There is no end to such a study; the more one knows the more is opened up, and what at first may be laborious becomes enjoyment.

The architect must be liberally educated; he must be cultured, and accomplished; and

to gain such qualities he must do more than simply complete his strictly professional studies. He must first of all be able to use his mother-tongue well, both in talking and writing, and he should have a working knowledge of one or two foreign languages; and, what is of great importance, he must know how to use the architectural library, getting his rest, enjoyment, and inspiration from its books.

There is no other profession where there is such attractive, personal relationship as that between the architect and his patron; he is continuously in communication with him, a guest at his table; he is made a confidant of the family, as to their ways of living, their ideas of convenience and administration of the household; and his continued success depends nearly as much, if not quite, on his polish and good breeding as on his ability to answer the duties of employment.

No one can design well without being able to draw well; the one is the natural sequence of the other. Draughtsmanship is to the designer what language is to the author, and their successes are in proportion to their command of this first principle. The student's hand and eye should be trained to the most perfect accuracy, and his drawing should be an intellectual, and not a mechanical exercise. If he is master of the pencil, pen and ink, charcoal and water-color are acquired easily enough.

The architectural student has a broad ground to cover, as the work of his lifetime lies in it. Our aim is to so thoroughly equip him for his start, that he may move on intelligently without wasting time or labor; discovering for himself, learning for himself, and acquiring the self-confidence born of knowledge, which is bound to lead to success.

The Institute offers unsurpassed advantages for the study of architecture. For the course in Strength of Materials and Dynamics, it has a laboratory second to none in the country. For its strictly professional work this department has its own library, very complete in tech-

nical works, and to which constant additions are made. Our nearness to the Art Museum is such that the regular exercises in drawing from the cast are held there, and the students have free access to its rich collections and to its fine architectural library.

When the Public Library moves into its new building it will be equally near, and its splendid architectural works will be as easily accessible.

In architecture, as in any other profession, there is needed hard work to be successful. There must be no half-hearted devotion to the art. "No one can afford to lightly estimate the value of general culture, and certainly not the architect, as a member of a responsible, difficult, and learned profession." "As regards science, do not let it be said that architects are behind the age, but qualify yourselves to take your part in it with knowledge, enthusiasm, and integrity."

A well-trained draughtsman need have no fear of waiting long for an engagement; for such the demand is far in excess of the supply.

Every office has its own way of carrying on work, and these ways cannot be taught in a school. It would be a waste of time to attempt it. They are soon learned, and if with his generous equipment the draughtsman adds application and enthusiasm his future is assured.

F. W. CHANDLER.

Good-bye and Good-bye.

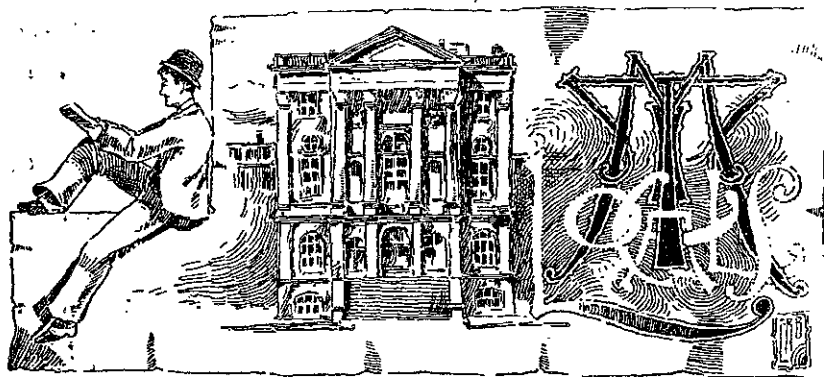
I.

I said good-bye, but found her hand
Still lingering in my own;
And when at last I left my love,
A half an hour had flown.

II.

I heard the stern paternal step
Come slowly drawing nigh;
I knew my time was more than up,
And said just plain good-bye.

There are four men in the Yale Boat who weigh over one hundred and eighty pounds; there is an equal number in the Harvard crew.



Beautiful Spring!

N. J. Bulkley, '89, was in the city last week. We publish in this number Professor Chandler's article on Course IV.

S. L. Coles, formerly of '91, has lately been in Boston on business.

D. A. Cater, '91, has been elected a member of the Hammer and Tongs.

The last afternoon Tech. party of the season took place Saturday, March 8th.

The Freshman-Sophomore baseball game will probably be played May 3d.

Tech. will make several entries at the coming games of the Amateur Athletic Union.

Professor Chandler has lately received two applications for architectural draughtsmen.

Mr. Geo. R. Carpenter, of Harvard, has been appointed Associate Professor of English.

We understand that the triple expansion engine in the Engineering Building is running, at last.

The third year Chemists and Chemical Engineers visit the Rubber Works at Malden, Friday.

The Class of '90 has appointed a committee to draw up resolutions on the death of Professor Atkinson.

Since "The Chapel" has been closed to minors, there is scarcely a Freshman under twenty-one years of age.

The K₂S held its regular monthly meeting at Young's Hotel the 14th inst., and initiated Messrs. May and Moody, '92.

The committee on the Institute dinner from the Freshman class is as follows: Vorce, Noblit, Towne, Bemis, Spear.

The Class of '91 has elected the following committee on the Senior dinner: Hammond, Bradlee, Bryden, Fiske, Swan.

In another week third-year Civils will again commence to surprise the citizens of Quincy by finishing that railroad to Hough's Neck.

The Technology Electric Club met Friday, March 14th, and listened to an address on Electric Motors, by Mr. H. C. Spaulding, '87.

One inquiring Freshman wants to know why Boston isn't prohibition. Our only answer is that water is too high on the street.

The Biographical Laboratory offered a fitting tribute to Professor Atkinson, in closing its doors to all work on the afternoon of his funeral.

R. S. Russel, '89, who has been in the Institute this year taking a fellowship course, has accepted a position with Norfolk and Virginia Railroad.

The snow has gone, the birds are building their nests, and Course I. men now find remarkable mistakes in the work of the city engineer around Copley Square.

The joint committee on the Senior dinner met last Saturday, and elected Mr. C. F. Hammond, '91, chairman; and some preliminary arrangements were made.

D Y D X held a meeting and dinner at Young's Hotel, Saturday the 15th, and entertained the professors and instructors in the Mechanical Engineering Department.

THE TECH has received from the Class of '79 a copy of its Directory and History, containing an account of its tenth annual reunion, and biographical sketches of all the former members of the class.

About thirty architectural drawings of superior design and rendering, taken in part from last year's work, have just been sent to

Philadelphia to be exhibited by the Architectural Club of that city.

We see in the columns of the *Exonian*, that "W. N. Locke, Ex. P. E. A., '88, has been elected athletic editor of THE TECH, and E. R. Kales, Ex. P. E. A., '88, elected statistician of 'Technique.'" Both items are newsy, if not correct.

Freshman Political History: "Christianity has three divisions,—the round head, the long head, and the long head intensified." "The three divisions of Christianity are: the Mongolian, the Caucasian, the Brahman."

The Class of '89 held its first reunion at Young's Hotel, Friday, March 14th. About thirty members were present. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, J. P. B. Fiske; Treasurer, Jas. W. Cartwright, Jr.; Secretary, J. P. Gilbert.

Designs have been sent by the Architectural Department to compete for the prizes offered by the *Engineering Record* of New York. The prizes, four in number, amount to \$250, and are to be awarded to those sending the best designs for a pumping station and a water tower.

The Architectural Society had a dinner at the Parker House on the evening of March 5th, with about thirty members present. There was a short business meeting before the dinner, at which a number of new members were elected. After dinner speeches were made by Messrs. Alden, Emery, Seeler, Reed, Meserve, and others. Mr. C. W. Cogswell was toastmaster.

Mentions in the Architectural Department were announced March 8th, as follows: fourth year, a design for a hotel,—first mention, 1st, H. G. Ripley; 2d, C. H. Alden, Jr.; 3d, E. A. Emery. Second and third year, design, Water-tower,—first mention, 1st, E. V. Seeler; 2d, E. N. Stone; 3d, H. J. Carlson. Design, Pumping Station,—first mention, 1st J. McA. Vance; 2d, E. V. Seeler; 3d, R. S. Shedd.

At a meeting of the Class of '92, held Tuesday, March 11th, the class committee on the Senior dinner was appointed. It consisted of Messrs. Locke, Curtin, Parrish, Gill, and Tucker. Mr. Kales was then appointed director to the Co-operative Society, three directors from each class being recently deemed necessary, instead of two, as formerly. The class then voted that its Senior dinner committee should vote against having wine at the dinner.

The M. I. T. Tennis Association held its first meeting of the term Saturday. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, J. M. Ferriday, '92; Vice-President, F. T. Snyder, '91; Secretary, W. B. Gamble, '92; and Treasurer, H. H. Ensworth, '91. It was decided to open the courts between Rogers and the New buildings as soon as possible this spring. E. W. Stebbins, '93, was elected a member of the executive committee of the Association, and a committee was appointed to remodel the Constitution.

In the near approaching future that the poet's eyes descry,
When a Moon of Gorgonzola shall Selene's place supply,
And across the empyrean pigs shall dart on scented wings,
There will be decided changes in the ways of Men and Things.

Then will ten and ten no longer make the old accustomed score,
But, to meet our new requirements, rather less or rather more;
Then identity of Cause will not produce the same Effect—
'Neath the sway of pseudo-Culture that's a thing we can't expect.

Wicked towns will be abolished; in the healthy open air,
Smith will toil for Jones's dinner, Robinson give Brown a share;
Everybody will be equal—very nearly—if they can,
Save, of course, the Skillful Artist and the Literary Man.

These and other things will happen—I the poet say it, I—
When the Moon of Cheese is fashioned, and the grunter learns to fly;
When the Anarchistic Chaos starts its everlasting reign,
And our good friend Topsyturvy gets the upper hand again.

College Notes.

A bill has been presented before the Rhode Island senate abolishing the denominational test in the election of the trustees, president, and other officers of Brown University.

G. R. Patterson, who took the prize for batting on the European trip of the American cricket team, will play on the University of Pennsylvania team this season. Games have been arranged with Harvard and with the clubs around Philadelphia.

The Senior Class at Lafayette has decided to wear the cap and gown at commencement.

The candidates for the Yale crew have recently been coached by Percy Bolton, the coach in '88, and John Rogers, captain of the '87 crew. It is now settled that Gill and Hartwell will pull again this summer, making five of last year's crew in the boat.

The Cornell Glee Club has been compelled to give up the projected Western trip, owing to the disorganized state of the club.

Of the one thousand seven hundred and twenty-six living graduates of Williams College, it is said that Prof. Mark Hopkins taught all but thirty-one.

Harvard has offered her duplicate collections in biology and archæology to Toronto University, which was recently destroyed by fire.

The University of Vermont has been admitted to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association, which now includes Dartmouth, Amherst, Brown, Trinity, Wesleyan, Williams, Worcester, Polytechnic Institute, and the University of Vermont. The spring meeting will be held at Worcester, Mass., on May 28th.

A silver cup will be presented to the member of Brown's baseball nine who shall have the best record in fielding and batting at the end of the coming season.

By the will of the late Ex-Governor English, Yale College receives \$40,000.

A valuable collection of minerals and a number of rare Hebrew manuscripts have recently been presented to Columbia College.

Since the Oxford and Cambridge crews have been working on the water, the betting, which was 11 to 5 on Oxford, has changed, and Cambridge is now the favorite.

Keefe, of the New York league team, will train the battery of the Princeton nine until the season opens, and Chas. Reilly of the Columbus club is training the remainder of the team.

A match for the professional court tennis championship of the world has practically been arranged between Tom Pettit and Charles Saunders, of England. The match will take place in Dublin, and will be for not less than \$2,500 a side and the world's championship.

Captain Poe has forty-eight men in training for next fall's football eleven at Princeton.

The Cambridge-Oxford boat-race will take place on Wednesday, March 26th, at 4 P. M. The Oxford crew will have six old men, and Cambridge one. Mr. Muttleberry, captain of the Cambridge crew, has already rowed in four winning crews, and is to row a fifth race this year. After this no man will be expected to row more than four years on a university crew.

The Princeton Glee Club will probably take a trip to California during the summer vacation.

It is now definitely decided that the Yale Varsity crew will not row the winner of the Cambridge-Oxford race this spring. Until recently there was a strong probability of an international race taking place; but as Cambridge and Oxford have both signified their unwillingness to keep in training until after June, the whole matter had to be given up.

Plans for a new laboratory have been secured at Princeton, and ground will be broken as soon as the weather permits.

A Yale graduate has offered a fifty-dollar silver cup to be contested for by the mile runners. The runs are open to Yale men only, and the man who wins three times will become the permanent owner of the cup.

Some instantaneous views of the Harvard crew have lately been taken, in order to facilitate the study of the details of the stroke.

Mr. Thomas B. Shearman, of Brooklyn, has offered a prize of \$250 to the Harvard student who writes the best essay on the subject, "State and Local Taxation on Personal Property in the United States."

President Eliot states that Harvard is the only college from which a professor was ever chosen as president of the United States, John Quincy Adams being the man referred to.

The Dartmouth professors have each had their salaries raised \$200.

A cricket eleven is being organized at Columbia.

Haverford is to have a new gymnasium, at a cost of \$45,000.

The Northwestern University holds the pennant of the Western College Base-ball League.

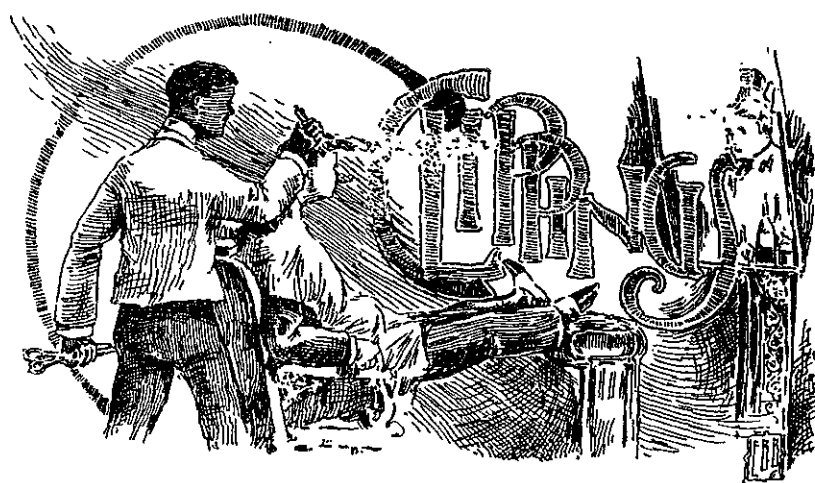
Among the regulations of Mt. Holyoke College are the following: "Students are not to use lights before 5 A. M." "Students are not to purchase or receive eatables, except fresh fruit."

Brown University is to have a new monthly periodical, to be called "The Brown Literary Magazine."

The Princeton Class of '81 has decided to give that college a collection of charts representing ancient, mediæval, and renaissance sculpture, as a decennial present.

Unless the Cornell team scores some points at the intercollegiate games this year, they lose their membership in the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

The University of Michigan is making efforts to establish a Thanksgiving football game with Cornell, to be played at Detroit or Buffalo.



I ate a philopena,
"Give and take,"
Sitting tete-a-tete with Lena
By the lake.
No one else in sight, you see,
An idea came to me,
And I caught her by a kiss.
There was naught unfair in this,—
Give and take.

They sauntered past the candy shop
With tempting dainties spread;
She looked unutterable things,
But not a word she said.
He drew his cash right there and then,
And bought a pound—that man did;
He could refuse her nothing when
Her manner was so candied.

They had a quarrel and she sent
His letters back next day;
His ring and all his presents went
To him without delay.

"Pray, send my kisses back to me!"
He wrote: "Could you forget them?"
She answered speedily that he
Must come himself and get them.

In March we feel the first fine touch of spring;
The household demons then assert themselves;
There is a general cleaning of the shelves;
Ye gods, how brooms do fly and brushes swing!
How all the day is spent in furbushing!
In March the gardener gets a job and delves,
Whilst boys look on as mischievous as elves,
And e'en the tramp a jocund strain doth sing.
In March the poet speaks of vernal bloom,
Yet often many wintry days appear;
And, he, alas! is forced to check his rhyme
And all his aspirations meet with doom.
There is no sight on earth one half so drear
As a spring bard a month ahead of time.



Canvasser for Senior Dinner: "SHALL I PUT YOU DOWN FOR THE SENIOR DINNER?"
Lucre Gould, '91: "NOT THIS TIME; BUT YOU CAN COUNT ON MY BEING THERE NEXT YEAR."